
Title: EYE OF THE BOULDER

Author:

THE RUNES OF THE
MYTH DRAINER

My love, my life, my
doom! I began my search
for the Eye shortly after
my nineteenth year, while
still in training with the
Necromancers. Had I
known at that young age
what would befall me upon
the completion of my
undertaking, I would have
spent my days differently,
seeking companionship over
mystic power; warm love
rather than cold stone.
But my desire for the
Eye was all consuming.

It is said to have been
found at the heart of an
otherworldly chunk of
rock, perhaps a part of
some ancient tool or
weapon, that fell from
the sky during a time
when godlike beings fought
for dominance of this
world and the worlds
beyond. The Eye was later
sundered into half a
dozen finely chiseled
runestones by the
Leechlord, referred to in
some texts as 'the
Drainer of Myths'. The
subsequent details
concerning the runestones
and their uses became
the events of legend, as
Tempests and heroes
fought for possession of
the pieces of the Eye.

Though it took many
years, it was I who
finally managed to collect

all the pieces. And with
each part of the Eye
that I added to my
collection, my power grew,
enabling me to recover
successive pieces with
greater ease. Obsessively,
I laid the groundwork
during those years of
searching, preparing for
the time when I could
finally reintegrate the six
disc-like pieces of the
Eye. On the day of
completion, once I had
enacted the last of the
rituals, my primary
apprentice and I fitted
the Eye directly into the
freshly carved socket at
the base of my skull,
linking the mystic stone's
energies with those of
my own nervous system.
Only then did I learn that
the Eye's sorcerous
operations were
antithetical to my own.
Immediately, its dire
effects became apparent.
My memory and other
mental faculties grew
weaker, the images I
beheld lost resolution, and
the sounds around me
began to seem like bland
reproductions. I left my
hidden tower, staggering
forward at a gruelling
pace, one step at a time.
And since then, the
events of my days have
seemed the tired tellings
of a poor storyteller, and
all I have wanted is
release. I am ashamed to
have wasted so much
time and so many of my
resources upon such a
disappointing thing. I
sought nothing less than
the Ultimate, but instead
received only a pale
reflection, a hint of what
could have been.